

Renee Ropes 'em!



Renee doesn't come from Texas, she was born in Glasgow, in fact, but she is as expert with the spinning rope, lasso and bare-back horses as any Texan cowgirl. A great friend of hers, who was a Ranger, and is now touring this country, has taught her every trick of the trade, and now she specialises in Wild West acts, which, with her abundance of glamour, makes her as popular as any other at the Windmill Theatre.

At the sign of THE BELLS OF OUZELEY

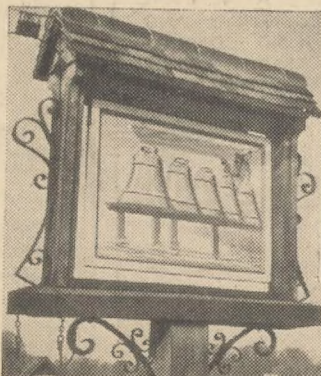
FEW people realise the intended significance of the colourful sign of the "Bells of Ouzeley," which stands beside what was formerly known as the Devil's Highway at Windsor.

The story, according to the present landlord, is that during the Reformation, when monasteries were being looted and destroyed, five monks escaped from a place named Ouzeley, near Oxford, carrying with them five golden bells. They were hotly pursued, and at Windsor, realising that escape was impossible, they sank the bells in the Thames, opposite the present site of the Inn.

The sign shows a monk clasping the bells and looking to the point in the river where they are now resting. Built in 1300, part of the front masonry and woodwork was still in existence when the inn was re-built seven years ago. In the lounge is an English fireplace reputed to be one of the finest examples of its kind in the country.

At one time, in the centre of Windsor Great Forest, the beer brewed at the inn was supplied

to the Royal Household, and Queen Elizabeth, travelling along the river in the Royal Barge, is several times reported to have called a halt there and stepped ashore for food and drink.



The roofed sign of the Bells of Ouzeley, with the River Thames in the background.

A NAVAL OCCASION

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

RECENTLY, Mr. Sydney Kemp, dentist to the London Zoo, related in "Good Morning" how he treated Bo-Bo, the famous chimpanzee, for dental decay. Here he tells how, helped by naval men, the Whale Island brown bear had a tooth extracted—with a chisel!

THE well-known Naval Gun-nery School at Whale Island boasts a zoo of its own, and the *piece de resistance* is a fully grown brown bear, the mascot of the school.

The ex-gunner who is curator, keeper and general factotum of the zoo, diagnosed dental trouble, and reported his suspicions to the Commander.

Local veterinary surgeons were consulted, but decided this case was not quite within their province, and an SOS was therefore dispatched to the London Zoo, asking whether the bear might be sent to Regent's Park for observation.

The zoo authorities explained that freightage alone would be a considerable item, and that if the examination proved negative it would be quite a needless expenditure.

They expressed their willingness to assist in any other way, and it was decided to send one of their expert staff to Whale Island, and a large anaesthetic box was sent in advance in case it was required.

"I was invited to accompany the Zoo official," said Mr. Kemp, "and on arrival we found the advice given had been acted upon to the letter, and everything done according to the best traditions of the Senior Service."

The bear lived in an outdoor enclosure surrounded by strong

iron railings, and from this enclosure there was an access, by means of a trap-door, to a sleeping den.

The dope box had been deposited within the enclosure during the night and lashed up close to the trap-door. Brown bread and treacle was the bait.

On raising the door the treacle was sufficient inducement to Bruin, and he was soon made a prisoner.

The *modus operandi* was similar to that described for Bo-Bo, except that an anaesthetic was necessary in this instance, even for a preliminary examination.

Pint of the best

"We started," Mr. Kemp told me, "with a pint of chloroform and ether, but Bruin still asked for more. More was given, albeit the anaesthetist was becoming fearful for the animal's safety."

Cautiously opening the rear end of the box to make observations, we poked the nether end of the bear with a stick, but were rewarded with a growl, and as the death of the bear was regarded as rather less serious than the death of the operator, more dope was pumped in.

"A deep snort was the next incident of note, and it was also observed through the glass peep-hole that his head was well down on his chest in an attitude suggestive of deep slumber."

"The front of the box was now very carefully opened, but only just sufficient to allow the bear's head to emerge, and a squad of sailors tilted the box in an effort to bring this about. Four tilts and out it came, with mouth open, tongue pro-



The brown bear is a born trickster.

truding, and a profusion of huge gag, the other working against the bear's recovery.

The sailors retreated to a safe distance, promising to remain within call, whilst a platform that had been erected outside the cage provided a good point of vantage for the officers of the school.

"To my consternation, I found that the trouble was caused by a broken lower canine, that would certainly defy any attempts at extraction with the forceps at my command."

"My luck would have been in had it been any of the six lower incisors, which could quite easily have been extracted with any ordinary pair of incisor or root forceps, but there was at least an inch of this canine below the gingival margin embedded in dense bone."

With a Chisel

"With such an audience, I felt my professional honour considerably at stake, so with great determination—and not a little trepidation—I selected a chisel and commenced my task."

"Imagine for one moment the situation! Two of us lying on our chests, one employing a

"All went well until the salt breezes of Southampton Water began to get the better of the dope; then, before I could complete the operation, a quarter of a ton of bear behind the great head threatened to slide into the open."

"Our call to the squad brought only one volunteer. The three of us, however, just managed to push the vast shoulder round the angle of the door and back into the box."

"Another 'double' of chloroform and ether, the head manoeuvred once again, the operation was successfully completed. Half an hour later our patient was drinking at the pool within his enclosure, and before we left for home he did justice to a full meal."

This patient, too, is still alive and doing well, and although many of the audience were at first sceptical, they eventually decided that it was at least no negligible achievement to reduce an animal of this description to an operable stage, quite apart from the nature of the operation.

So far as is known, it is the only case of an adult bear being successfully anaesthetised.

Mechanised Troops of 1887!

ON April 12, 1887, the following paragraph appeared in "The Times." Unfortunately, there was no accompanying illustration!

"The sensation of the performance now occurred. At a steady, not too rapid pace, appeared Colonel Savile on a tricycle, followed by his cyclists in column of four divisions, the tall bicycles constituting the first division, the small safety bicycles coming next, and the other divisions consisting of tricycles. There were about 35 bicycles on the ground, and considering that it was a scratch corps only just raised, and largely composed of civilians, it acquitted itself very well."

Such a charge, at "not too rapid pace," must have struck terror into the enemy!

According to a correspondent in a recent issue of the same newspaper:—

"The Cyclist Section of the C.I.V., supplied by the Inns of Court R.V. in 1800, was the first cyclist unit of a battalion to be used as such in action with the British Army. In the action at Dornkop, near Johannesburg, and again at Diamond Hill, the section of 16 men advanced with the infantry to capture the positions. During the campaign they were much used as dispatch riders."

A man should keep his brain attic stocked with all the furniture that he is likely to use, and the rest he can put away in the lumber-room of his library, where he can get it when he wants it.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.



The re-built Bells of Ouzeley stands on the site of the original inn built in 1300—some of which remained when the structure was demolished seven years ago. This inn is a popular Thames-side resort.

Periscope Page

Little Weather

Mysteries—No. 6

MOCK SUNS

ON March 22nd, 1106, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle records two moons in the sky simultaneously, and in 1137 three red suns were visible. The year 1200 saw five moons, and 1233 five suns.

They brewed strong mead in those days, but these "mock suns" and "mock moons" are well known to science. Like the aurora, they are more common in Arctic regions than in England; and the English displays appear to be getting less and less frequent. A mock sun or moon may appear at the intersection of a set of haloes, and the real problem is what causes a halo. Modern science has classified the known types of halo into rainbows, haloes proper, and coronæ, and they are all caused by the reflection of sunlight or moonlight from particles suspended in the atmosphere.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Rainbows are caused by reflection of the light by raindrops, which also break it up into prismatic colours. Haloes are caused by reflection from ice crystals, and are also coloured, but the colours occur in the reverse order to those of rainbows.



Intersected Haloes.

A corona is like a very small halo, often in contact with the sun or moon at its centre, and it is due to reflection from water drops in a cloud or mist. The size of the corona depends on the size of the drops forming it. Double the size of the drops and the size of the corona is halved.

Rainbows sometimes appear on the ground, and in this case they are elliptical, and are caused by reflection from dew. From an aeroplane, a rainbow appears completely circular. Occasionally a white rainbow is seen, very close to the observer, and this, which is caused by reflection from a fog, is known as Ulloa's Ring.

There is an old belief that the nearer a halo is to the sun or moon, the finer the weather will be—"The nearer the ring, the farther the rain." This has, however, been disproved, for it has been shown that a normal halo is always of one size, and has a radius of about 22 degrees. Sometimes a secondary halo appears with a radius of 46 degrees, and patterns like that shown in the drawing, complete with mock suns and a central "sun pillar," develop.

When seen just before sunset, or just after sunrise, the sun pillar and part of a halo sometimes form the Fiery Cross, often reported as a "heavenly sign" in old records. Another sign, said to be lucky to the beholder, is the Green Ray, and this is seen just after sunset or just before sunrise.

The Green Ray is simply the green portion of the spectrum caused by the atmospheric globe itself. As the Green Ray is only seen in exceptionally dry weather, its claim to portend a fine spell is more or less justified.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

THE Atlantic!—that vast extent of water the superficial area of which covers twenty-five millions of square miles, nine thousand miles long, with a mean breadth of two thousand seven hundred miles. An ocean whose parallel winding shores embrace an immense perimeter, watered by the largest rivers in the world. A magnificent plain, incessantly ploughed by ships of all nations, sheltered under the flags of every nation, and terminated by the two terrible points, dreaded by navigators, Cape Horn and the Cape of Tempests.

The *Nautilus* once out of the Straits of Gibraltar came up to the surface again, and our daily walks on the platform were thus restored to us.

I immediately went up there, accompanied by Ned Land and Conseil. At a distance of twelve miles, Cape Vincent, which forms the S.W. point of the Spanish peninsula, was dimly to be seen. It was blowing a rather strong

gale. The sea was rough. It made the *Nautilus* rock violently. It was almost impossible to keep on the platform, which enormous seas washed at every moment. We therefore went down again after taking in some mouthfuls of fresh air.

I went back to my room, and Conseil returned to his cabin, but the Canadian, with a pre-occupied air, followed me. Our rapid passage across the Mediterranean had prevented him putting his projects into execution, and he did not hide his disappointment.

"Well," said I, "we need not despair yet. We are going up the coast of Portugal. France and England are not far off, where we should easily find a refuge. In a few days I think we can act with some security."

"It is for to-night," said he. I started. I must acknowledge I was little prepared for this communication. I wanted to answer the Canadian, but words would not come.

"We agreed to wait for an opportunity," said Ned Land. "I have that opportunity. This night we shall be only a few miles off the Spanish coast. The night will be dark. I have your word, M. Aronnax, and I depend upon you."

As I still was silent, the Canadian rose, and coming nearer to me said—

"This evening, at 9 o'clock. I have told Conseil. At that time Captain Nemo will be shut up in his room, and probably in bed. Neither the engineers nor any of the crew can see us. Conseil and I will go to the central staircase. You, M. Aronnax, must remain in the library not far off, and await our signal. The oars, mast, and sail are in the boat, and I have even succeeded in putting some provisions into it. I procured an English wrench to unscrew the bolts that fasten the boat to the hull of the *Nautilus*. Thus everything is ready for to-night."

"The sea is bad," said I. "That I allow," answered the Canadian, "but we must risk that. Liberty is worth paying for. Besides, the boat is solid, and a few miles with the wind in our favour are not of any consequence. Who knows if to-morrow we shall not be a hundred leagues out? If circumstances favour us we shall land, living or dead, on some point of solid ground between 10 and 11 o'clock. Then to-night, by the grace of God!"

Thereupon the Canadian withdrew, leaving me almost stunned. At that moment a rather strong hissing sound informed me that the reservoirs were being filled, and then the *Nautilus* sank under the waves of the Atlantic.

I remained in my room. I wished to avoid the captain in order to hide from his eyes the emotion I was labouring under. It was a sad day I passed thus between the desire of being free again and the regret of abandoning the marvellous *Nautilus*, leaving my submarine studies unfinished!

Twice I went into the saloon. I wished to consult the compass, and to see if the *Nautilus* was approaching or going farther away from the coast. But no. The *Nautilus* kept constantly in the Portuguese waters. It was making for the north along the shores of the ocean.

I was, therefore, obliged to make up my mind to it, and prepare for flight. My baggage was not heavy, and consisted of my notes, nothing more. I asked myself what Captain Nemo would think of our flight, what uneasiness it might cause him, what harm it might do him, and what he would do in case it was discovered or it failed.

I wished to see the saloon for the last time. I went by the waist, and entered that museum where I had passed so many useful and agreeable hours. I looked at all

(Continued on Page 3)



Give it a name
Let's have the best title
your crew can devise
for this picture.

QUIZ for today

1. In what ship did the Pilgrim Fathers sail to America?
2. In what ship did Beatty fight at Jutland?
3. What is the smallest continent?
4. What is the largest island?
5. What is the longest river?
6. Name the eight chief planets of the Solar System?
7. Pick out an "intruder" in the following list, and give reason why: Surrey, York, Kent, Essex, Devonshire.
8. What is a "kintle"?
9. If you said that an insect was sesquipedalian, what would you mean?
10. What was the date of the first day of the twentieth century?
11. What subject does the science of Ichthyology deal with?
12. How many legs has a spider?

WANGLING WORDS—4

- 1.—The letters of the word "Midshipman" can be rearranged to make the words "Mind his map." See if you can make apposite anagrams of: PENITENTIARY, PARLIAMENT, SWEETHEART.
- 2.—Which of the following words are mis-spelt: Globbular, Jewellery, Extention, Suspension, Intention?
- 3.—Can you change BOATS into MONTH, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: NEST into PARK; WAIT into MELT; BREAK into SHEAR.
- 4.—Can you think of a common word in which four vowels come together? And of three more in which five vowels come together?

Answers to Wangling Words—3

- 1.—PUNISHMENT becomes NINE THUMPS. CATALOGUES becomes GOT AS A CLUE.
- 2.—Itinerary, Accessibility, February, Burglar.
- 3.—CAKE, CASE, CAST, PAST, POST. CANED, CARED, CARES, MARES, MARKS. DIET, DIED, DEED, MEED, MEET, MEAT, MEAL. MILK, SILK, SLIT, SALT, SALE, SAFE, CAFE.
- 4.—"Paget saw an Irish tooth, sir, in a waste gap."

The Super Brains Trust

WE have put the following simple question to some of the world's wisest men, but their answers are by no means in agreement. The question was:—

Should our chief aim in life be happiness?

Alex. Pope: "Happiness is certainly the end and aim of life, but what we justly call Happiness is not one man's pleasure, but everybody's."

Herbert Spencer: "In my opinion, the production of the greatest happiness is the true end of morality."

Bulwer-Lytton: "Yes, and surely the greatest happiness of the greatest number is best secured by a prudent consideration for Number One."

R. L. Stevenson: "I consider it a duty to be happy. There is no duty we so much under-rate as that of being happy."

Hawthorne: "But happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained."

Pascal: "Nevertheless the object of life is to be happy. There is this in common between the lives of ordinary men and of saints, that they all aspire to happiness; they differ only in the object where they place it."

Catullus: "And what is given by the gods more desirable than a happy hour?"

Bernard Shaw: "An hour, but not a lifetime of happiness! No man alive could bear it; it would be hell on earth."

Dr. Johnson: "Nothing is more idle than to inquire after happiness, which nature has so

kindly placed within our reach. It is not to be sought, or it will not be found."

Schopenhauer: "I do not believe that any man is happy. He strives all his life through for imaginary happiness, which he seldom attains, and if he does, it is only to be disillusioned."

Charlotte Bronte: "No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in a mould and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us from heaven."

Carlyle: "There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness."

Ruskin: "I agree that happiness is not the first thing men should seek, but it is the second. Men's proper business in this world is first to know themselves and the existing state of things, and the second is to be happy in themselves and in the existing state of things. They are also to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred and mendable."

Everyman: "I certainly cannot believe that it is always right to seek happiness first. Where should we be, for instance, if all the doctors suddenly decided to run after happiness instead of attending to their patients?"

Or do you think that the doctors stick to their work because they wouldn't be happy

if they didn't? Do martyrs go to the stake because it makes them happy? Many philosophers say that what we really prize is something different from happiness, though it always brings happiness when we get it, and so we confuse the two. But, if so, what is it we prize so much?

	✓				
			✓		
				✓	
✓					
	✓				
			✓		
					✓

Find the Squares Solution.

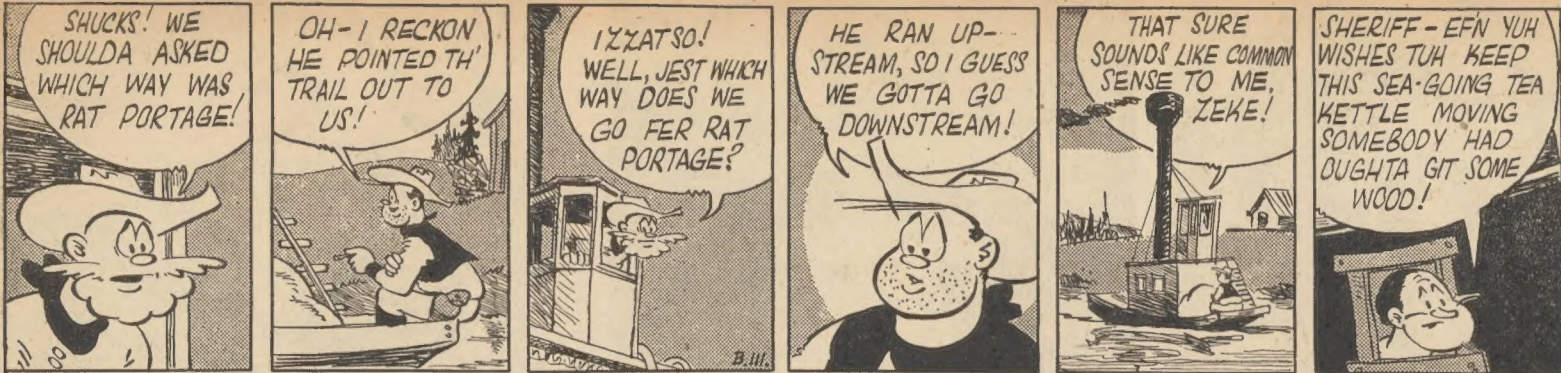
Answer to Runner and Refreshment Puzzle

As the radius is t , the diameter is $2t$. The diameter multiplied by n (the Greek letter pi) gives us the circumference, $2\pi n$ miles. As he goes round n times, $2\pi n n$ equals the number of miles run, and as he drinks s quarts per mile, he consumes $2\pi n n s$ quarts. We can put the factors in any order; therefore the answer is $2\pi n n s$ (two pints), or one quart!

JANE



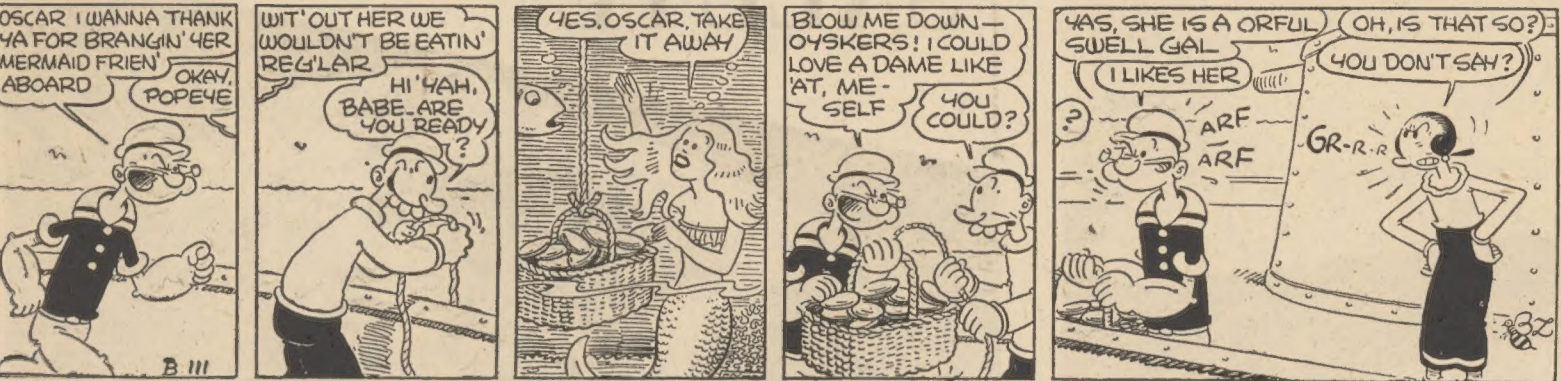
Beelzebub Jones



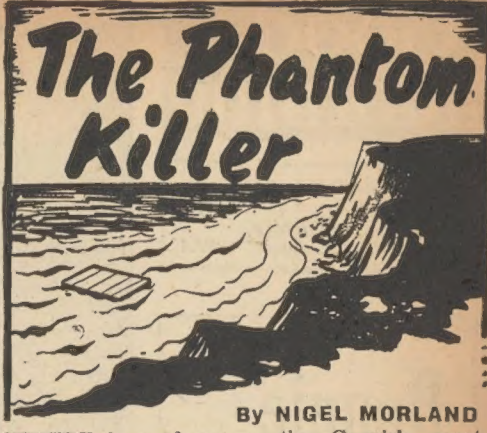
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



The Phantom Killer

By NIGEL MORLAND

THERE is a place on the Cornish coast where the surf-riding is the best in the country. But Mrs. Pym was no bather, for she was stolid and not over-young; she preferred to sit in a deck-chair and enjoy the last two days of her summer holiday.

The late afternoon sun was making her sleepy, then a burst of shouting brought her out of the chair. Down at the water's edge people were carrying somebody up the firm sands.

DEATH ON SHORE.

A good-looking man wearing a bathing suit, like all the others, stepped back in horror.

"Dammit, he's dead!"

It was not Mrs. Pym's place to take charge; she did it just the same. She gave her name to the constable who arrived, and he stood back in awe. The good-looking man, whose name was Kerruish, gave her the details in an undertone.

"His name's Spencer—Johnnie Spencer. He and his missus came down here with my wife and I, an annual affair. He's as healthy as a dog. We've been surf-riding for the past hour, then suddenly he gave a sort of a yell and fell off his board as if he'd been knifed."

Mrs. Pym liked Kerruish. He was quick-thinking, observant, and sensible. Under her examination, he said he thought nobody had been near Spencer; but something had happened. He was not drowned, and his queerly contorted body suggested poison, which the local doctor confirmed at sight.

A STRANGE END.

In a little circle on the beach, Mrs. Pym, Kerruish, the doctor and a police inspector went over the facts again. The most extraordinary evidence was when Kerruish said he and Spencer had been away from their hotel since dawn. They had eaten nothing but hard-boiled eggs, apples, chocolate and bananas, an alarming if harmless mixture bought from a kiosk on the beach.

The doctor had never heard of a poison that could have been administered something like twelve hours before at the hotel; the food was considered entirely innocent. Their only drinks had been mineral water. It did not satisfy Mrs. Pym. She could see that Kerruish was likely to be under suspicion, and by the time the wives had returned from Truro, where they had gone for a day's shopping, it seemed as if he would be under arrest.

FINDING THE CLUE.

It was a question of careful scrutiny and long-headed guess-work. Mrs. Pym dropped on her knees and examined Spencer's body in the little hut to which it had been taken. She looked at his bare chest, revealed by the turned-down blanket. Next she examined his surf-board, his towel, and the bathing suit removed from his body by the doctor.

That evening it took her exactly fifteen minutes to get the truth. After the police had made their arrest, she told Kerruish what had happened.

(For hidden clue, see No. 34.)

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

these riches and treasures like a man on the eve of eternal exile, and who is going away never to return.

As I moved thus about the saloon I reached the door, let into the angle, which opened into the captain's room. To my great astonishment this door was ajar. I drew back involuntarily. If Captain Nemo was in his room he could see me. However, hearing no noise, I drew near it. The room was empty. I pushed open the door and entered. Still the same severe monk-like aspect.

At that moment some prints, hung up, that I had not noticed during my first visit, struck me. They were portraits, portraits of great historical men whose existence was but a perpetual devotion to one great humane idea: Kosciusko, the hero who fell to the cry of "Finis Polonia!" Botzaris, the Leonidas of modern

Greece; O'Connell, the defender of Ireland; Washington, the founder of the American Union; Manin, the Italian patriot; Lincoln, who fell by the hand of a slaveowner; and, lastly, that martyr to the freedom of the black race, John Brown, hanging on his gallows as Victor Hugo's pencil has so terribly drawn him.

I went back to my room and clothed myself warmly in my seaboots, sealskin cap, and vest of byssus lined with sealskin. I was ready. I waited. The vibration of the screw alone disturbed the profound silence that reigned on board. I listened attentively. Would not a shout tell me all at once that Ned Land had been caught in his effort to escape? A mortal dread took possession of me. I tried in vain to regain my sang-froid.

At a few minutes to nine o'clock I put my ear against the captain's door. No sound. I left my room and went back to the saloon, which was insufficiently lighted, but empty.

At that moment the vibration from the screw sensibly diminished, then ceased altogether. Why was this change made in the working of the Nautilus? Whether this halt would be favourable to or against Ned Land's plans I could not tell.

The silence was only broken by the beatings of my heart. Suddenly I felt a slight shock. I understood that the Nautilus had just stopped on the bottom of the ocean. My anxiety increased. The Canadian's signal did not reach me. I wanted to go to Ned Land and beg him to put off his attempt. I felt that something was changed in our usual navigation.

(Continued to-morrow)

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were the easiest for his feet.

John Selden (1584-1654).

And I have often heard defended— Little said is soonest mended.

George Wither (1588-1667).

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

"Night and Day"—Cole Porter.

"You Are My Heart's Delight"—Franz Lehar.

"Rhapsody in Blue"—George Gershwin.

"In Town To-night"—Eric Coates.

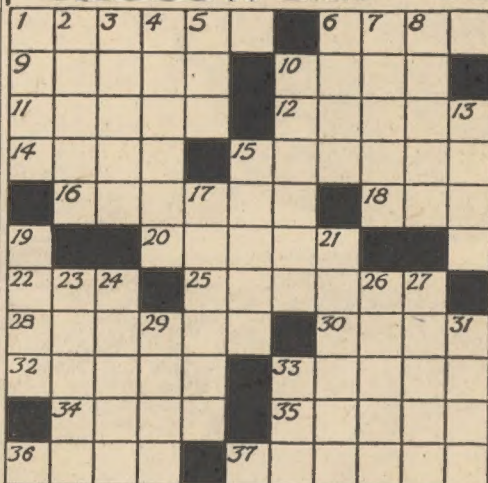
"Keep the Home Fires Burning"—Ivor Novello.

"I Love the Moon"—Paul Rubens.

"If You were the Only Girl"—Nat D. Ayer.

"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"—Jerome Kern.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1 Dispensed with.

6 Colour.

9 Tree.

10 Diving bird.

11 Quit.

12 Ordain.

14 Narrow linen strip.

15 Row gently.

16 Organ of flower.

18 Wet expanse.

20 Ponds.

22 Border.

25 Lower.

28 Chooses.

30 Breathe audibly.

32 Musical composition.

33 Wash lightly.

34 Mend hole.

35 Excessively.

36 Chimney flue.

37 Did bidding of.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Sodium chloride.

2 Excuses.

3 Suit.

4 Disclose.

5 Before.

6 That which unites.

7 Burdens.

8 Relation.

10 Was inclined.

13 Durable timber.

15 Pug dogs.

17 Sort of weasel.

19 Cook.

21 Indolent.

23 Baffle.

24 Welsh girl.

26 Sweets.

27 Result from.

29 Over-concise.

31 Put golf-ball at start.

33 Difficulty.

RAGES DERRY
OIL PREPAY
DRAHA FINER
E CONTACT I
OPEN AMUSED
O IDLER N
LUSTRE EGGS
UNLOOSE RAP
SCORN ADAGE
TEG EXCITED
Y SAD HEED

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Bonnie Scotland

The Burn, Whitebridge, Inverness-shire. One of Scotland's famed fishing centres. And we don't wonder—even without fish, this place would be Paradise."



"I'll take the high notes—



and I'll take the low notes"



"Oh nuts . . . let a submariner have a go"



SALUTE?



Not strictly "Service" of course, but, on the other hand, not the kind of signal we'd put our blind eye to, especially for 20th Century Fox Star, Betty Grable.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Stop tickling my stern
—Miss Grable!"

